

SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Thoughts on the Old Year and New.

Many are the changes which have taken place during the old year. Our hearts sometimes were filled to overflowing with joy, and at other times overwhelmed with sorrow and sadness. As our eyes are cast upon the figures of "1889" it seems to send a thrill through our very souls. It brings to us the thought that we are one year nearer the grave and a never ending eternity. Oh! true but sad, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight is about to say farewell! farewell! forever, while eighteen hundred and eighty-nine is about to enter and say "good morning."

With the farewells of the old year go many, many, farewells of departed friends, whose spirits shall enjoy eternal happiness or eternal woe. This thought brings to us an important question. Had we been called would we have been found with our lamps filled, trimmed and burning or with no oil in our lamp? God forbid! that any of us should ever be found waiting or famishing spiritually. But may we be up and doing while it is called today, lest death overtake us and we be found wanting. As all book-keepers are about to change from '88 to '89 may we be reminded of that Great Book-keeper in heaven who records not dollars and cents, but our very thoughts and words; yea, not only our words, but our very actions. As the poet has said, "It is a solemn thing to die but a far more solemn thing to live." It surely is said and truly is, if we live right we will enjoy everlasting peace. If we have used profane language during the old year we know that there is a blot on the page of that Great Book, and we should resolve to change that record before the new year rolls in at the door and continue to keep the page free from those blots which are only calculated to mar our happiness. With the old year, have gone all the pretty flowers which only reminds us again of the fleetness of life; but as they come again in the new year, we are reminded of the fact, that though we fall in death, we shall on that great resurrection day rise to be clothed with immortality and crowned with eternal glory. Thanks be to God for these precious promises He has left on record for us. While the old year is about to put on his shroud, many are they who this evening are traveling the face of this great globe that are about to lay themselves down to be companions of the old year to eternity's night. God only knows who are to be called away. No wonder the poet

said, "all that travel the globe are but a handful to those that slumber in its bosom." We are warned at almost every turn in life, of the importance of living noble, grand and glorious lives, so that our pilgrimage here will be one of honor and uprightness, and thereby secure that crown of gold and the palm of victory. The old year carries with it many memories and tears, which will only be to us as pilgrims smooth our pathway to the eternal world where tears are known no more and where the eye is not dimmed by that grim monster, death.

Let us all take warning by the death of the old year and resolve tonight to do more good in the future than we have in the past, and by so doing will pave the way from earth to heaven with such material that will light up the way. Well has the poet said, "ring out the old ring in the new." At this season of the year all nature has put on her shroud. But the snow shall be the winding sheet for the old year and as the old year is lowered into the grave we may well say with the poet "Tis a time for memory and for tears."

As we turn away from the grave of the old year let us hope to enjoy more in the new by improving ourselves mentally and spiritually, and by so doing we shall enjoy ourselves in this present life and in the great hereafter which should be the aim of every one. The years come and go as so many shadows.

The wheels of time move on not impeded by the changes in the least. Soon eighty-nine will be spoken of as a dream or as a tale that is told. The name of the departed year will be a theme of the past. People are likened unto the old year. They live, move, act and have their being for a time, when suddenly they are stricken down and cease to be no more. Let these words be the epitaph of the old year.

Eighty-eight
Now lies in state,
With the departed years,
And at the door
With eighty-four,
Will wait for eighty-nine.

We give one thought to Christmas which is prior to the closing of the old year, and say we are glad that while it is a time for memory and tears, yet there is a time for joy.

Soon eighty-eight
Will know his fate,
When eighty-nine,
So tall and fine,
This sentence reads
As he's agreed.
Depart old year!
Old eighty-eight
Looks through the gate,
So decrepit and feeble;
Not feeling very able,
And leaning on his staff,
He says with a laugh—
How d'ye do Mr. New Year.
The old, old year,
With all its tears,
Will bid adieu,
And leave the new
To take his place,
And in his race
He says good by to all.
Then eighty-nine,
So very fine,
Says the old can't come back—
As I'm on the track.

So I'll push right through,
And prove to you
That eighty-nine is called.

MAGGIE E. HOOVER.

MARRIED.

LAKE-KIMMEL—By the undersigned, at the home of the bride's parents, near Shanksville, Somerset Co., Pa., Thursday evening Dec. 27, 1888, Mr. Walter Lake, of Lanark, Ill., and Sister Ida B. Kimmel, of Stonycreek township, Somerset Co., Pa. May they have a pleasant journey through life, is the wish of their many friends.
JOHN H. KNEPPER.

MATHEWS-HILTWINE—On Dec. 20, 1888, Mr. M. H. Mathews, of New Paris, Ind., to Sister Rose Hiltwine, of Milford, Ind.

A. A. COBER.

CRAVEN-RICE—By the undersigned at his residence at Pleasant Home, Dec. 25, 1888, Mr. Wm. Craven, and Miss Mattie Rice, both of Cedar Valley, Ohio.

WM. KIEFER.

OUR DEAD.

HARP—Sister Mary Harp died Dec. 15, 1888, aged 40 years, 4 months and 20 days. Funeral services by

A. A. COBER.

To the Memory of Bro. Wm. D. Hartman.

Again we are pained to write that death has been among us and taken another of our most esteemed and beloved pioneer brethren, one who has been associated with the Brethren church in Cal., for a little more than twenty-five years. Bro. Wm. D. Hartman was born in Botetourt Co., Va., March 19, 1822, died Dec. 17, 1888, aged 66 years, 8 months and 28 days. He leaves a wife, three sons and three daughters and a host of sympathizing friends in and out of the church to mourn his loss. Bro. Hartman was the youngest of his father's family of ten children. Leaving Virginia he moved to Putman Co., Ind., in 1838. In 1849 Bro. Wm. was married to Anna Myers, daughter of Eld. Frances Myers, an esteemed and widely known minister of the Brethren church. Bro. Hartman moved to Iowa in 1850 and in 1852 came to Cal. For twenty-four years he has lived at Woodland, Yolo Co., Cal., where, in that favored locality, he was successful in securing a competency for old age, and blessed by living to see his children grown to manhood and womanhood and comfortably settled around him. Religiously Bro. Hartman was a man of few words. "Doing Religion" was his motto. He disliked very much dishonesty and hypocrisy either in or out of the church. He loved honesty, integrity and sobriety. Deceit in any form received his out-spoken words of condemnation. His last illness was of short duration. Attending to his evening work he was stricken down with apoplexy. He was carried to his room, and all that loving hearts and skilled physicians could do was of no avail. A few hours and all was over. He was at rest. Bro. Hartman had for some time past, expected to be called home suddenly. As he had first "sought the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness," so also he hath arranged his temporal affairs. Had "set them in order." All was ready. "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Being an old friend, I was called by the bereaved wife and children to attend our brother's funeral. The large number of friends present, the tearful eyes and sympathizing hearts told plainer than words of mine that they loved him.

Thus one by one our fathers and mothers and pioneer workers and members of the church in Cal., are being "gathered home." Their labor is over here, ours is not. My prayer is, that we may take, and carry on the work, until we are allowed to join them again on the "other shore."

J. P. WOLFE.

Lathrop, Cal., Dec. 22, 1888.

A Busy Life Ended.

MCCLAINE—At her home near Aurelia, Iowa, Mrs. Mary McClaine, wife of William McClaine, died of heart trouble and inflammation of the bowels, at 2 o'clock p. m., Friday, Dec. 14, 1888. On the 14th of Dec. those of the family who were present at her bedside realized that mother was also a mortal being and must pass the way of all the earth. She was not confined to her bed until the evening of the day before her death. She suffered considerably during the night and more or less the day following, until about two o'clock

when she quietly and peacefully "fell asleep." The absent members of the family were telegraphed, but through unavoidable circumstances, three of the eight absent members of the family were unable to be present. The funeral took place at the German Baptist church two miles southwest of Aurelia, at 11 o'clock, a. m., Dec. 16, 1888.

A brief service was held at the home. Hymn No. 598 of the Brethren's hymn book was sung, "Asleep in Jesus," and followed by prayer. Elder John Early, assisted by Elder S. T. Grove, preached the funeral sermon from 2 Tim. 4: 6, 7, "For I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love his appearing." Hymns number 599 and 610 were sung at the church. The body was interred in the Aurelia cemetery.

The deceased was born at Mason-town, Fayette Co., Pa., Feb. 16, 1829, being therefore 59 years, 9 months and 28 days, on the shores of time. Her father, James Kelso, lived to be 80 years old, but her mother died when she was quite young, leaving her destitute of a mother's care. She lived with her father and step-mother till the age of eighteen, when she was united in marriage to William McClaine, March 11, 1847, by Elder James Quinter, who also baptized them the same year. She was a consistent member of the Brethren (German Baptist) church for the last forty-one years of her life. She was a true and devoted Christian. With her husband and family she lived in her native state for seventeen years, leaving in the spring of 1854; came to Greenfield, Ross Co., Ohio, remaining one year; returned to Pennsylvania where she resided ten years longer, and then with the family moved to Wyanette, Bureau Co., Ill., where she remained three years, from which place with a family of ten came in the fall of '67 to Traer, Tama Co., Iowa. She lived at Baker's Grove for about twenty-two years. At this place she is well known and had many friends—she was always ready to help those who needed help. She will long be remembered by those around Baker's Grove. From this place she moved with a remnant of the family—her husband and three sons—to Aurelia, Cherokee Co., Iowa. It was hoped that she would live to enjoy her new home, but God, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to call her from earth to her rest.

To her care God intrusted ten sons and five daughters, but took to himself, in their infancy, three loved ones, Delila, Mary and Elva. The form of Delila was laid to rest at Masontown, Pa., Mary at Tipton, Iowa, and Elva at Baker's Grove, Iowa.

She enjoyed good health while she lived in Pennsylvania and Illinois, but for the last twenty-five years her health has been failing gradually, yet she did most of her house work herself. She was afflicted with a partial deafness the last fifteen years, and took treatment from physicians in the east, and some two years ago, went to Chicago to be treated by Dr. S. S. Bishop, who helped her hearing somewhat, but it did not prove to be permanent. She took several visits among her children also, and it was hoped that these visits would result in permanent good, but it seemed that nothing would restore her shattered health. Though she had many trials and sicknesses, yet withstood them, and with the desire, we believe, to rear her family to manhood and womanhood, which were her motherly petitions to the Heavenly Father and granted by him. Although she prayed that all of her children would become followers of the Saviour—it is so with a number—yet it is to be hoped that all will so live after her example as to meet her at the glorious resurrection morn. "Mother, Home and Heaven" are the sweetest words in the English language! The English language neither affords words, nor is the pen of the writer able to portray thoughts adequate to her life. She was always vigilant and thoughtful for the best interests of her family. In the morning at noon, and in the evening, at night, our mother watched, cared for and caressed us. She spared nothing, no nothing, that would make her family happy. She seemed a being not mortal, for a mortal, it seems, could not endure what she endured. Our hearts sink within us when we consider the thousands of steps she took all for the family. Yes, and now she leaves us. "Oh, my dear children," will be remembered and treasured by us all as the last words breathed by our own

dear mother. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this world; it points to another. A conscience void of offense before God and man is an inheritance for eternity; and religion is an indispensable element in any noble human character, for it is the tie that connects one with the Creator. As these elements were characteristic of our mother, we feel safe in treasuring them in grateful remembrance of her.

If we could but pull back the curtain that conceals the great beyond. Time and eternity! Preparation and enjoyment! When time is no more, Eternity shall be.

Our mother erected a monument that will stand forever. That monument was chiseled by deeds and polished by prayer. There is an aching void that can never be filled, for God gave us but one mother. She leaves an affectionate father and a loving family of twelve children to mourn her loss. After the wounded hearts have been healed, there will exist that lingering, loving memory of a kind, gentle, Christian mother. Her beautiful eyes are closed to this world of sorrow. Those careworn feet are still; those caressing hands of love are lying peacefully on her breast.

"The flight of the spirit,

How did it go?

Was it sorry or glad,

As it left its load

And started out

On its untrodden road?"

Her life is dedicated, the services o'er,
And she rests—rests forever more.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!

From which none ever wake to weep."

Farewell, mother, we bid you farewell!

"But not forever," comes back on the

echoing swell;

Thou art gone, but we shall see thee,

when?

Now, by faith, but in person—then.

J. H. —

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